

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY

For the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

### Minnehaha.

By JUDOE DE COURSEY.

Minnehaha—Laughing Water,  
Spit sweet of mist and spray—  
Slipping on, through blue and shadow,  
Ever hurrying on the way.

Sunny-hearted Minnehaha,  
All the winds thy lovers come;  
Silver stars sleep down and kiss thee,  
Till thy beauty's like a dream.

Whisper to me, Laughing Water,  
Stories of thy forest home,  
Where the dark-eyed Indian maidens  
And the dusky warriors roam.

When I bent my head and listened,  
To the soft, mist and spray—  
To the elish Laughing Water,  
This is what I heard it say:

"Not to any, save the poet,  
Do I sing my witching tale;  
Canst thou show me sign or symbol,  
Ere I lift the magic veil?"

Then I heard the mocking laughter,  
Felt a dash of mist and spray,  
As the elish Minnehaha  
Passed me by and slipped away.

For she knew—the winsome spirit—  
Poet's name I could not claim,  
So this merry Minnehaha  
Left me—laughing—as she came.

But I'll woo this misty maiden,  
And some day she'll sing to me,  
Then, I'll laugh, and softly will per  
All she tells me, sweet, to thee.

Nov. 20, 1882.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE HAND OF FATE.

A STRANGE STORY.

Intolerant skepticism and intolerant belief are only the two extremes of the same thing. There is a fanaticism in unbelief not less absolute than that fanaticism which established the inquisition or lighted the fires of Smithfield. La Harpe, the celebrated naturalist, is said to have fought a duel with a friend who had asserted the existence of his own conscience. Such a skeptical fanatic was I at the date of the events I am about to relate. I was President of a society for the prevention of superstition. I believed in nothing beyond the ken of my five senses. I was a furious enemy of dreams, omens, presentiments, ghosts and spirits. I was not likely, therefore, to have been misled by superstitions credulity or perverse imagination in regard to the circumstance.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in a quiet street in the upper part of the city. I went little into society, and had few friends. I spent most of my evenings, consequently, in the seclusion of my room, with no company but my books.

One autumn evening I reached home at a late hour, but feeling no desire to sleep, I lighted my lamp and sat down by the table for the purpose of finishing a volume I had been reading. It was a dissertation on a favorite subject of mine—namely, the physical cause of dreams and apparitions, the author tracing all spectral apparitions to illusions brought about by disordered nervous functions. I was deeply interested, and read on steadily until after midnight.

Suddenly, and without any warning my light flickered and went out. For a moment the room was in intense darkness. I had drawn the curtain before the windows, and the fire in the grate had died down long before. Just as I was on the point of impatiently rising to relight my lamp, I was nailed to my chair by a strange phenomenon. Against the opposite wall of my room a faint glow of light began to appear. In shape it was like the circular patch which is thrown by a camera upon a screen. It continued to increase in brilliancy until the whole room was in a glare of light equal to noonday. It was as if a circular window had been cut in the wall, admitting the full power of the sun.

For an instant surprise held me dumb and motionless; then I arose, and, going to the wall, placed my hand upon the patch of light. I observed that my hand cast no shadow, and that, therefore, the light could not come from behind me. Puzzled, but by no means alarmed, I went back to my chair, calmly resolved to watch the matter to its conclusion.

For a moment the light remained clear and steady; then a slight mist seemed to overspread it. Out of the mist, by slow degrees, a picture was evolved. There was a wide, deep river, crossed by a railroad bridge in the foreground. I could see here and there a vessel drifting idly with the

tide, for it appeared to be a still warm day. In the distance the hills looked blue and hazy. There were white clouds in the sky, and at a distance the smoke from a town on the river bank rose lazily into the air.

I could note and memorize every detail—the color of the wooden trestle of the bridge; the shape and number of the signal boards; the peculiar arrangement of the telegraph wires. In fact I could have sworn that I sat before an open window looking over a material landscape of real sky, earth and water. I noted too, particularly, a weak spot near the centre of the bridge. The bed of the road seemed to have warped, and several sleepers seemed decayed and loosened. I even said, unconsciously:

"There will be a terrible accident at that point some day."

While I was gazing at the apparition with sensations impossible to describe, I observed the smoke of an approaching train. It rushed swiftly around a curve and upon the bridge with accelerated speed. I was conscious of a feeling of intense interest in it. I felt very much like a person witnessing a drama with high-wrought emotions, breathlessly watching the action which is drawing toward the tragic denouement.

On came the train. I counted the cars; there were sixteen—four of a yellow color and the remainder of a deep red. I saw upon their sides the words "Northern New York & Canada Railroad." I saw that the engine's number was 12, and that the engineer, leaning out of the window toward me, had a large red face and a heavy black beard.

As the train came upon the bridge there seemed to be a sudden jar and stoppage. The engine leaped into the air like a frightened horse and rolled off the bridge, followed by six of the cars. There was an intense moment of alarm and horror, a shower of fire and a cloud of steam which for a moment hid everything from sight.

A moment afterward my attention was irresistibly drawn to two figures struggling in the water. One was a girl very young and beautiful, attired in a gray travelling suit. She had lost her bonnet, and her long, fair hair was floating upon the water.

The other figure was that of man, whose appearance gave me a shock of strange surprise. I seemed to recognize him, though his face was turned away. At first he seemed to be making preparations to strike out vigorously toward the shore. Then he seemed to catch sight of the young girl, for he turned, and, swimming toward her, supported her on one arm, while with the other he kept both of them afloat.

At the moment I caught sight of his face. I started up and uttered a shout of absolute terror. It was my own face, white and stern with excitement and resolution, that I saw before me.

As if my voice had broken the spell, the light, landscape, wrecked train and struggling swimmers disappeared like a flash of lightning. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The light was burning brightly as before. The book I had been reading had slipped from my hand to the floor. I perceived then that I had been merely dreaming a vivid dream.

To say that I was not startled would be untrue. I was very much moved, but it was neither with superstitions fear nor the slightest faith. Here, I thought, was a grand opportunity to put my favorite theories into practice. I had dreamed a dream of such distinctness and detail that it might readily be supposed to be a forewarning. That it would prove to be nothing of the sort I was perfectly convinced. I would write down the circumstances, and when the event had proven them wholly false, use the whole as a knock-down argument against all faith in any forewarnings whatsoever.

On further investigation I confessed that I was somewhat perplexed. I found that there was such a railroad as Northern New York & Canada, and that the cars were of the color seen in my dream. I found, furthermore, in conversation with a person who had traveled over the route, that the road crossed the Black River on a trestle-bridge, and that, viewed up the river, the landscape would appear about as I had seen it.

I was by no means convinced, however. I might have heard of the railroad in question and forgotten the fact. The color of the cars was such as is common to railroads. The landscape may have borne only a general resemblance to the Black River; moreover, my description of the one seen in my dream could at most have given only a few salient points, such

as hills, water, a distant town, and a trestle-bridge, common to a hundred other regions in the country.

Moreover, I could imagine no reason why I should travel over the route. My parents lived in Northern New York, but in visiting them my course would be at least a hundred miles east of the Black River.

The winter passed by with no renewal of my strange dream and the occurrence of no circumstance bearing upon it, and the whole matter passed out of my memory.

One morning I received a telegram from home to the effect that my father had been taken dangerously ill, and that his physician despaired of his life.

Skeptical as I was, I was no infidel in the matter of family affection. I made my preparations in haste and took the night train for my father's home. On arriving at Utica I learned that a freshet had washed out the track of the regular line, and that I should be compelled to take a branch road a score of miles further west.

My dream now occurred to me. I was traveling near the region I had dreamed of. Once accident had forced me nearer to it than I had any reason to anticipate. But I was not foolish enough to suppose that any set of circumstances would bring about the fulfillment of my vision.

During the night the train halted at a large town on the line, and the passengers were informed that another transfer would be necessary. The rains which had destroyed the track of the regular line had also thrown down a bridge on the branch.

As I alighted in the dark and made my way to the train in waiting, I admitted that I was very much startled to read upon the side of the cars, the words I had seen in my dream, "Northern New York & Canada Railroad."

I counted the cars; they were sixteen in number—four yellow and twelve red.

My philosophy was considerably shaken. It seemed as if an irresistible hand was forcing me to the fulfillment of my dream. But I was still stubborn in my belief.

I resolved to investigate the matter still further and satisfy myself that I had simply met with a series of coincidences. Freshets might occur on railroads, without the special intervention of destiny. Cars might be of a certain color and number, without proving dreams to be true.

At the earliest peep of dawn I went through every car on the train, earnestly scanning the passengers' faces. I was looking for the young girl in the gray traveling suit. I was highly elated to discover that no such person was on board. Here was one point in my favor.

But very shortly this one point was opposed by two others of a startling kind.

During a halt in the forenoon, I alighted and went forward to the engine. There upon the brass plate on its side was the number 12. And as the engineer leaned from the window I was stunned to recognize the man in the dream, the red face and black beard.

I went back to my seat in a maze of wonder and dread. My incredulity was oozing out at my fingers' ends.

Just as the train was about to start, a carriage drove furiously up to the station and a late passenger was assisted aboard one of the forward cars as the wheels began to move. It was a woman whose face I could not see, for she wore a veil, but her dress was of a light gray color and her figure that of a young girl.

By this time I was thoroughly unnerved. I dared not go forward and endeavor to catch a glimpse of the girl's face. I feared to see the face of my dream. I threw myself back into the corner of my seat and fell into a moody reverie. But, meantime, I gathered from the conversation of two passengers in the seat before me that we were to cross the Black River before noon on a trestle bridge.

Presently the landscape on either side began to look strangely familiar. I caught glimpses of hills in the distance that seemed not new to me. A moment later, as the train passed through a cutting and came in sight of the river, I started up in terror. I beheld the landscape of my dream. The wide, deep current, the hazy hills, the trestle bridge, the pale blue sky with its motionless clouds, the distant town with its sun vapors rising into the air—I had seen them all before.

I was now prepared for the full realization of my dream. The last thread of unbelief had broken. I

sprang out upon the platform as the train ran upon the trestle, and waited breathlessly for the crash I knew was coming.

The train ran so smoothly until it reached the center of the bridge, then there was a hideous jar, an explosion, a chaos of shouts, shrieks, and crashes, and I found myself in the water swimming for life.

In an instant I remembered the conclusion of my dream. I turned about, and there, within a dozen feet of me floated the figure in gray, with her long hair spread out upon the water and her beautiful eyes turned toward me in terrified appeal. My dream had not told me whether I was to escape or die in the attempt to rescue the girl. But I never thought of that. I swam toward her, and passing my arm about her struck out toward the shore.

It was a long and desperate struggle. The river was wide and the current swift. I could make little progress with my inert burden. I struggled on, growing weaker and weaker with every stroke. Presently I saw a boat pulling toward us. I uttered a shout and was answered. In another moment my companion was drawn into the vessel, and, utterly overcome with my terrible efforts, I sank back into the water insensible.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in bed, and some one was bending over me. It was a woman, and she was weeping; I could feel her tears falling upon my forehead as she brushed back my damp hair. Presently the mist cleared away from my sight, and I recognized the young girl whom I had rescued—the girl I had seen in my dream.

She uttered a cry of joy when she saw the my eyes were open. She seized my hand and pressed it convulsively.

"Thank heaven!" she said, "you will live."

"Yes," said I, with a feeble smile, "since it is of importance to you."

"I should never be happy again," she sobbed, "if you were to die after what you have done for me."

Being still very ill, and yet anxious to reach my father, I resolved to get on at once. Finding me determined to proceed, my young friend insisted upon accompanying me the short distance I had to go. It is needless to relate the details of the remainder of my journey; how when I arrived I found my father in a fair way to recovery; how in the natural course of events I fell in love with my nurse.

When I returned to the city with my young wife, my friends found that I had left my skepticism in the depths of the Black River. I dissolved my connection with the "Anti-Superstition Society," not without considerable jeering, which I could afford to receive. I am now convinced that there are things in this world that our raw logic will not account for. My clearest proof is the dear wife whose life I was led to save for myself by the irresistible hand of fate.

## PERQUISITES.

The sleeping-car porter seems about to supersede the Niagara Falls hackman as a target for the newspaper humorists of the day. The other day a representative of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* came up from New Mexico in a Pullman sleeper, the porter of which was an active, sharp, and more than ordinary intelligent fellow, and in the course of conversation a subject came up which led the newspaper man into a line of investigation. Somebody asked the porter what the Pullman company paid porters, saying that it was a common idea among travellers that they didn't get anything from the company.

"Oh, no," said he, "that is wrong. They pay us, but they don't pay much. We get all the way from \$15 to \$40 a month according to the length of the run."

"The longer the run the bigger the pay, I suppose," said the reporter.

"No, it's just the reverse. The longer the run the poorer the pay," said the former; "It seems to me that long runs involve hard work, and ought to command the highest price."

"You don't understand that it is the big fees we get on the long runs that brings up the average. Of these runs we get an average of \$1 from every passenger in the car, and as we make four round trips, or eight runs a month, it amounts to something. Last trip up from Deming I

got \$27.50. One man, a miner from Lake Valley, chucked me a \$5 gold piece. Ordinarily a single run from Deming to Kansas City is worth about \$12. Of course, sometimes we get a hard streak of luck, like when we strike a carload of women—women are the worst for our business—and then we don't haul in more than \$2 or \$3."

"Of course," said the reporter, "much depends upon the class of people in your car?"

"You bet it does. I tell you when we pull out from Deming at night and I size up the crowd as I take up their tickets, I can tell within a dollar or two how much there's going to be in it for me."

"From your experience in the business," said the reporter, "what class of travellers pan out the best in results?"

"Well," said the porter, thoughtfully, "there are several pretty good classes. Drummers are perhaps the best. Pacific coast men, as a rule, are reliable for something handsome, and so are mining men. Young married people, too, are mighty good. A young husband can't do too much to show his liberality. I never get less than \$2.50 from them. Very rich men and women, as I said before, are the poorest."

"What! Don't rich men come down liberally?"

"No, indeed. They're the least reliable. I had a sad illustration of that a couple of weeks ago. I hauled John Mackey, the California bonanza king, up from Deming, and his friend, Colonel Gillette, of the Sierra Grande mine, got aboard at Nate. They were coming through, and I put the pair down as good for \$5 at least. At Kansas City I took care to separate 'em when I brushed 'em off, but what do you suppose was the result?"

I brushed Gillette first, and he gave me a dollar. He said, with a terrible stutter, that it was 'all the ch change he had.' It was somewhat of a blow, but I went in and got Mr. Mackey out for his brush. He fumbled around among a lot of keys, and finally fished out fifty cents. By jinks, I was mad. Of course I could not say anything. No, it's so with rich men. There's Governor Tabot, he's about as many as any of 'em, but he never gives more than \$1. Politicians, when they have money, are mighty good. There's Dorsey, the star rotter man. When he goes down to his ranch in my car he always gives me a handful of silver—don't stop to count it. There's Senator Jones; he went to Deming once with me and gave me five dollars. On the other hand, Senator Fair, the other Nevada senator, who is fifty times richer than Jones, came up once, and he only gave me one dollar. He was nice about it, though. He spoke so kindly, and said my car was fine and I kept it in such good order, and told me to save my money and not spend it foolishly. He was very nice and soft-spoken, and I didn't seem to feel hurt at only getting one dollar."

"You spoke a moment ago of separating gentlemen before you brush them. Why do you do that?"

"Oh! yes; when gentlemen are travelling together, we always separate 'em at the final moment. You see if you brush 'em off in each other's presence, and they come to settle, perhaps one will say, 'Here, boys, I'll fix this,' and hand us a dollar. Or another will say to his friend, 'Joe, fix that with him, I have no change,' and the other will give me maybe a dollar for both of 'em, or the whole party if more than two. If I separate 'em, I'm pretty sure to get a dollar from each one, d'ye see?"

The reporter said he did. "But why," he asked, "do you find ladies so unprofitable?"

"Well, they are naturally close, and they don't think about it. Oh, they're not always poor pay, but they don't do to count on, old ladies especially. They make you carry their bundles and satchels when they change cars, wait on 'em from morning till night, bother you about their lunch baskets, and when the fun is over, and you have put them with all their hand satchels into another car or carriage, they say 'thank you,' and that's the end of it. They never fail to say 'thank you.' Sometimes, though, we make a pretty good thing out of the ladies, especially when we strike a double-header."

"That is where a man—husband, or a brother, or a lover—comes to see his wife, or sister, or sweetheart, off on a long journey. After bidding them 'good-bye,' he hunts me up—he don't have to look long for I am not far off when such parties get into

the car—and taking me to the smoking end, he says: 'Here, porter; here is one dollar. I want you to take the best care of so-and-so in there.' I do it, and I do it so well that in a majority of cases I get something from the lady at the end of the trip. We boys call them double-headers."

"You spoke of ministers, too, as rather barren soil to work."

"O, they never give you anything. The only one that did pan out for me was Henry Ward Beecher. Once when I was running on the Union Pacific, I hauled him from Ogden to Omaha, and he gave me one dollar. He'd been out to California lecturing, and had lots of money, too. But you mustn't think because we get so much from some people that we don't make some pretty heavy losses. Sometimes travel is light, and the passengers not of the pay kind. Then, sometimes your car breaks down, and they all have to leave it, and then they're so mad they won't give you a cent."

## The Amama Community.

The "True Inspiration Congregations," as they call themselves, form a communistic society near Javenport, Iowa. They are all Germans, and the base of their organization is religion. They came from Germany in 1842, and settled at first near Buffalo, N. Y., but feeling the need of more land, they moved, in 1855 to Amama, Ia. They say that their society is very ancient, but died out, and was revived from time to time. They believe that they are inspired, and as their congregations were much scattered in Germany, one of their leaders, Christian Metz, said it was "revealed" to him that it was God's will that they should remove to America. Three hundred and fifty persons were brought over in the first year, two hundred and seventeen in 1844, and their number is increasing rapidly. "We were commanded, by inspiration, to put all our means together and live in community," they say, "and we soon saw that we could not have got on, or kept together on any other plan." Some of the members were wealthy, and one person gave \$50,000, and others over \$20,000.

Each family at Amama has a house for itself, though young married people commonly live with their parents for some years. The people eat in common, but for convenience's sake, they are divided into a kind of eating club, so that a certain number eat together. Food is distributed to the houses, according to the number of persons. When the bell ceases ringing, and all are assembled, they stand up in their places for half a minute, then one says grace, and when he ends, all say "God bless us and keep us safely," and then sit down. The meal is eaten rapidly in almost total silence. They only give their children an elementary education, for they say "Why should we let our youth study? We need no lawyers or preachers; we have already three doctors. What they need is to live holy lives, to learn God's commandments out of the Bible, to learn submission to his will, and to love him."

They dress very plainly, particularly the women, to whom all ornaments are forbidden. Great care is taken to keep the sexes apart. The boys are allowed to play only with boys, and girls with girls. Still the young manage to fall in love like the rest of the world, but a man is not allowed to get married until he arrives at the age of twenty-four, even if his parents consent. The wedding day is treated with a degree of solemnity, which is rather calculated to discourage marriage. The young couple are lectured pretty plainly on their duties as husband and wife, and besides lose rank or caste in the society, which is difficult to win back.

The money affairs of the society is managed by a board of thirteen trustees, chosen annually by the male members of the society, women not being allowed to vote. Each man is allowed from forty to one hundred dollars, each woman, from twenty to thirty dollars, and each child, from five to ten dollars a year, according as his position and labor necessitates more or less clothing. All they need is kept at a common store. There is in each village, scattered around the headquarters at Amama, a general wash house where the clothing of the unmarried people is washed, but each family does its own washing.

Usually, a new member enters on probation for two years, signing an

obligation to labor faithfully, to conduct himself according to the society's regulations, and to demand no wages. If, at the close of his probation, he appears to be a proper person, he is admitted to full membership; and if he has property, he is then expected to put this into common stock, signing the constitution, which provides that on leaving he shall have his contribution returned, but without interest.

They forbid all amusements, all games, and all musical instruments, "one may have a flute, but nothing else." They have no libraries, a few newspapers are taken, but they depend chiefly for their reading on the Bible, and their own "inspired" records.

They take very little interest in affairs not connected with their community, and withdraw themselves as much as possible from the world—a very bad plan, as it tends to make them narrow-minded. Of course, as they claim that their actions are generally "inspired," it is extremely difficult to convince them that they are ever mistaken.

The society consists of three orders—the highest, middle, and lower or children's order—the highest being more or less "inspired." At least once a year they have a general confession, at which each member is expected to make a "clean breast" of all his sins, faults, and shortcomings. If anything is concealed, they believe their leaders, who, of course, are more inspired than the common rank and file, will find it out. The celebration of the Lord's Supper is their greatest religious event, although they have few holy days. It is only held when their leaders, or, as they call them, "inspired instruments," direct it, and the "instrument" reproves the members of the society pretty plainly for their sins before allowing them to come to the table. They have a set of rules of life, from which the following extracts are taken:

"To obey, without reasoning, God, and through God, our superiors (inspired instruments); to abandon self, with all its desires, knowledge and power; live in love and pity toward your neighbor, and indulge neither anger nor impatience in your spirit; fly from the society of woman-kind as much as possible, as a very dangerous magnet and musical fire, etc., etc." When any member offends against the rules, he is admonished, and if he does not mend his way, he is expelled.

They have manufactories, factories, farms, and, dull as their life must be, they lose few members. They are non-resistants, but during the rebellion, sent substitutes to the Union Army. "But we did wrongly there," they say, "it is not right to take part in wars, even in this way."

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

## REMEMBERED

The Kentuckians tell with keen zest even now many anecdotes illustrative of the kind heart and fine courtesy of their old idol, Henry Clay. The following we do not remember to have seen in print.

On one occasion, when a young man, Clay was travelling up the Ohio on a small steamboat. He was taken sick with violent cramps and colic. An old colored woman who was on board took charge of him, administered medicine, etc., and nursed him faithfully until the boat touched at Wheeling, where he could be put under a physician's care.

Ten years afterwards, Clay, then at the zenith of his fame, was making a political speech in Louisville, from the steps of a public building. The square was crowded with men, while a line of black faces fenced them in.

In the cheers that rose when the orator had finished, a shrill voice was heard,—

"God bless Mars Henry!"

Mr. Clay, who was surrounded by his eager friends, paused.

"A moment, gentlemen, I think I hear the voice of a woman who was very kind to me," glancing around searchingly. "There! That old mammy on the edge of the crowd. I should like to see her."

He stepped down into the street, and way was made eagerly for the old woman, who was brought up to shake hands with the great man. It was the proudest moment of her life, and the happiest. But Mr. Clay was not satisfied with conferring this simple pleasure. He procured situations for her husband and sons, which enabled her to spend her remaining years in comfort.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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A FEW months ago, those interested in deaf-mute education everywhere throughout the United States, were surprised and indignant at the sweeping changes made in the personnel of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Staunton. Many futile efforts have since been made to show that the changes were not caused by political influences, but constituted essentially a move to promote the efficiency of the Institution. Some of the mute papers contested this version of the matter, maintaining, as well they might, that no possible good could arise from discharging experienced men, and putting green hands (or green heads?) in the places thus made vacant. The *Goodson Gazette*, a paper published at the Virginia Institution under the control of the Superintendent, has teemed with editorials which were calculated to engender the impression that the everybody connected with the Institution was doing the utmost to faithfully perform the duties which their respective positions entailed. But, while this apparent tranquility and progressiveness was being promulgated, the inside workings were badly out of order. Envy, jealousy, indignation, distrust, and enmity, existed among the teachers and officers, and even the pupils, causing a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty among the former, and making, we should judge, a period of school-life that was anything but profitable to the latter. The climax has been reached at last, the Principal having been obliged to step down and out. The following correspondence of the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch* will explain the latest phase of the matter:

"For some months past there have been differences and dissensions between the Principal of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and the Blind, Dr. Vanhousen, and the Steward, Mr. Davis, which grew more and more bitter and irreconcilable until, at last, they have terminated in the appointment of the new Board of Visitors by the Governor last Saturday. The present Board has only been in office since last summer, and its course has thus far made itself obnoxious to the powers that be, only two of its members being retained in the body just appointed. It is so evident to Dr. Vanhousen and his friends that the Board, as now constituted, is unfriendly to him, that immediately upon the receipt of the news here yesterday of its appointment, Dr. Vanhousen resigned his position as Principal of the Institution. It is understood that the new Board will very soon meet and select Dr. Vanhousen's successor, who it is likely is already decided upon, as everybody done by these people is generally 'cut and dried.'"

Situated as we are, it is impossible to get at the real motives for this changing and rechanging of principals, teachers and officers of the Virginia Institution. There may be economic motives advanced, or the plea of inefficiency may be put forward—and this latter reason will be most readily accepted, when it is considered that the incumbents seldom remain long enough to secure the experience necessary for competency and success. There is one thing, however, which every one will recognize, which is that this incessant changing represses the prosperity of the school, is fatal to the intellectual growth of the deaf-mutes of the State, and consequently tends to make them a future burden upon the people. As a friend of deaf-mutes, we protest against this imposition upon the deaf and dumb of Virginia, for they are the real sufferers. The Board having the appointing power, should select only able and capable men for duty at the Institution at Staunton, and when they have got them should keep them, and thereby give the deaf and dumb the valuable benefits attaching to instruction by teachers of ability and experience. If they will not do this from motives of justice to the deaf-mutes, they should at least do so from a feeling of loyalty to the Old Dominion State.

A NEW paper has made its way hither, and greets us with the title "The Deaf-Man's Friend." Miss N. E. Derby, a partially deaf-lady, who was at one time connected with the printing office of the Wisconsin Institution, is editor. The sample number which we have before us fairly bristles with items and articles concerning the audiphone. We find over nineteen articles and two advertisements all bearing directly upon the audiphone and lauding its merits. On the whole, we believe the paper to be an advertising dodge, to make a market for that much-talked-of and little-used instrument. Evidently, the sale of the instrument is paramount to all other considerations, the sale of the paper being a secondary matter and its distribution among the deaf the main object. Deaf-mutes are prone to believe printed representations; but we hope they will not spend their money on audiphones without first being well assured that they will be of practical use to them. We find no deaf-mute news in the paper, and therefore conclude that it is not intended for deaf-mutes, but only for people whose hearing is not totally destroyed. The "Deaf Man's Friend" is published in Chicago, and proposes to come out monthly. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address is 107 S. Clark St.

## THE REV. W. W. TURNER DYING.

JAN. 9.—A telegraphic dispatch to the *Journal* announces that Rev. W. W. Turner, who was Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford from 1853 to 1863, is slowly sinking at his home in Hartford, Ct. No hopes are held out that he may recover.

## CLIPPINGS AND COMMENTS FROM VIRGINIA.

It was rumored here some weeks ago, that the Governor would appoint a new Board for the Virginia Institution on the 1st of January, 1883, which turned out to be correct. Four of the old Board were dismissed, and their places filled by others.

The following is from the *Staunton Vindicator*, of the 5th:

On Monday morning last, Mr. J. W. Waddy, Secretary of the old Board received a communication to that Board from Dr. W. A. Vanhousen, Principal of the Institution, in which he said that from ill health, and other reasons not necessary to mention, he tendered his resignation of the position of Principal.

The new Board meets on the 10th of this month, at which time the vacancy occasioned by Dr. Vanhousen's resignation will be filled by the election of a Principal. The name of Charles S. Boller, Esq., new Principal and proprietor of the Augusta Male Academy at Fort Belknap, is prominently mentioned in connection with the position, and there seems to be little doubt that he can have the place if he should desire to make the change.

The above will appear rather strange to most of the readers of the *JOURNAL*, and the friends of deaf-mute instruction. They will wonder why there are so many changes. It is a most deplorable state of affairs, brought about by enmity and the want of good feeling between the recent Readjuster (Mahone) appointees at the Institution, which was the cause of the Governor appointing a new Board, who are in sympathy with one of the factions. Consequently the newly elected Principal resigns, "on plea of ill health and other reasons not necessary to mention."

The latter clause is significant, and needs no comment.

These changes make two principals and two matrons since July. Your readers can imagine the state of affairs there.

Can any Institution thrive under so many changes. It will demoralize the pupils, discourage all who are interested in their advancement.

The many friends of Mrs. Henry in Staunton, Va., are glad to see she is so well located at a place where political parties do not make war on women, and respect merit, irrespective of party feelings.

The paragraph below will show in what high esteem Mrs. Henry is held in Staunton.

## A VIRGINIA MATRON FOR A NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

A letter from Rev. Job Turner, dated on Christmas day at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in New York City, informs us that Mrs. Henry, the former excellent matron of the W. L. Asylum and who was displaced by the new Coalition Board of Directors, is now matron of the New York Institution from which she writes. Mrs. Henry established a high reputation for efficiency at the asylum and the New Yorkers have secured a most valuable officer.—*Staunton Vindicator*.

## Gone Home.

Under date of December 30th, the *Nebraska Mute Journal*, published at the Omaha Institution prints the following:

"Lenora Needham, one of our bright little girls has gone home—gone to her eternal home. She had been sick for a couple of weeks with what we all supposed was a light attack of fever. On Saturday she suddenly grew worse and died a little after four o'clock. Her father arrived on the afternoon train Sunday. On arriving at the Institute and viewing the remains of his departed child, he was able to rejoice even in that sad hour that there was a place beyond, where he could meet the dear one again. It was a sad time for all of us, but the strong faith and hope of the future shown by the sorrowing father, buoyed us all up; and it did seem that death had lost much of its terror. The Rev. Harris of the Baptist Church preached a very feeling and appropriate sermon, which was interpreted by Mr. Gillespie. The remains of Lenora were put to rest in the grounds of the Institute, being the first burial on the ground, as it also was the first death which has ever occurred within the walls of the Institute."

# ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Chas. F. Tuttle is in Mandeville, La., doing well.

The wife of John Irwin, of Portland, Me., presented her husband with a son on October 18th.

The next meeting of the Guild, of New York City, will be held on Tuesday Evening, January 30th, 1883.

Miss E. Rosewilde to know why her friend, Miss Katie Shute, has not written to her for a long time.

John J. Connors is working in the tool shop at Mansfield, Mass. His father died of dropsy on November 14th, 1882.

Miss Laura Leiby was in York, Pa., lately. She says that one of the mute gentlemen of York is a fine skater.

Albert Henry, a deaf-mute who formerly attended the Wisconsin School, is now a brakeman on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Will some mute of Willimantic, Ct., be so kind as to tell a friend through the *JOURNAL*, how many mutes are living in Willimantic, Ct., and vicinity.

Mr. Henry Porter, of Johnsbury, Vt., is engaged to be married to a very nice young lady, of Stowe, Vt., who is said to be an accomplished house-keeper.

David A. Stoner, for several years a supervisor of the boys at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, died on December 27th, at his home in Stomerville, Md., of consumption. He was 32 years of age.

Allen Meschman, of Guildhall, Vt., married an accomplished and beautiful young semi-mute lady named M. Etta Holt, of Charlton, Mass., on the 23d of last November. They make a Handsome young couple. The bride can play several pieces on the organ.

Mr. Isaac Ellis, of North Stockton, N. Y., is a veteran deaf-mute farmer, and is eighty-four years old. He never attended a deaf-mute school, but can read and write. His wife assisted and fell some time ago, and was quite seriously injured.

The family of Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockton, N. Y., had a fine Christmas tree at their residence. The articles which adorned the tree were useful and valued at about \$100. The near relatives and friends of Mr. W. only were present.

Mr. John T. Viets, formerly of Cleveland, but now of Chicago, has given up the intention of accepting a situation as compositor, offered by the proprietor of the *Chagrin Falls Express* (Ohio), as he was persuaded by the boss to stay at his old place in Chicago, and was offered an advance of wages.

At the ball of the deaf-mutes in Lyrie Hall, last evening, although the silence was so thick that it could be cut with a knife, everybody seemed to have a jolly time, and tripped "the light fantastic too" to the music which could not be heard. The charming scenes represented the mute ability of human beings.—*Com. Ads*, Dec. 25.

On New Year's Day, Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockton, N. Y., with his family, visited at Waddington, eighteen miles distant, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickson, and met Mr. Gordon Redmond, a pleasant deaf gentleman who lives with them. The next day they visited the Carruthers, who live about two miles distant, and saw James, a graduate of Fanwood.

Rev. Job Turner, immediately after his arrival in Frederick City, Md., walked from the depot to St. John's Church as fast as his legs could carry him and fortunately met his appointment on time. His service was conducted in the church in connection with the Rev. Dr. Ingle, the rector, on the night of the 4th inst. Some of the most advanced pupils of the Institution for the deaf and dumb were present.

Rev. Job Turner, while on duty in Frederick City, saw an item in the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* of the 4th, in which Mr. Erwin E. Aldrich, of Woonsocket, R. I., said that he would like him to come to his house and preach. Rev. Mr. Turner, in reply to it, thanked him for the kind invitation he sent him, and said he could not accept it until next Fall. He will in the meantime work in the South.

THE DEAF WAR CORRESPONDENT.—Some intimacies are great aids to nerve. I remember a war correspondent, stone deaf, whose recklessness in pushing under fire, and coolness where the bullets flew thick, impressed the Turks, who watched him with a superstitious feeling. Wholly bereft of hearing, he could not recognize one quarter of the peril, and the awful din of battle affected him not at all. This gentleman, a brave and noble man, was killed in Armenia, I believe.—*All the Year Round*.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, who have lately been married, attended the Levee in Philadelphia. They made many acquaintances in that city, among whom might be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Pa., to whom they made a pleasant visit and took tea one evening. Mrs. Houston was much pleased with Mrs. Jackson. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Houston were both educated at the New York School. Mrs. Jackson is a noble and charming lady. They wish Mr. and Mrs. Jackson a long and happy life.

Rev. Job Turner took tea with Rev. and Mrs. H. Winter Syle on the evening of his service in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, did some writing at his quarters till half past eleven, Sunday night, at once prepared to get off, and started for Virginia about one o'clock, Monday morning. He reached Staunton, Va., safely the same afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, and met his son Loring, who took him to his farm six miles distant in his buggy. He expected to have service in Frederick City, Md., January 4th; Washington City, January 7th; Warrenton, Va., January 8th, and Fredericksburg, Va., 10th. He left Staunton last Wednesday afternoon, January 3rd, to meet his appointment promptly. He was much pleased with the New York Levee, though he staid there but two hours.

Frank T. Penrose wants Fred Hewitt to visit him or his brother Joseph, at their home in Norristown, Pa.

John Green was seen passing the post office in New Orleans. It is believed that he is still working in that city.

We hear that Melin Collins, of Tipton, Ind., is doing an immense business in the furniture line. Wish him success.

Mr. S. E. Brewer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., would like to know the address of Samuel W. McClellan.

Matthew Charleston, a baker by occupation, came to this country from Ireland, a few weeks ago. He is now employed in 35th Street, New York.

Mrs. J. F. Webb, of Portland, Me., wants to know the whereabouts of Sarah Partridge. She has not seen her for eight years. She was last in South Meriden, Ct.

"Imperator" says that he expects to be in the "Iron City" the latter part of this week, so as to honor his silent friends with a friendly visit, should such pleasure permit.

John P. Detweiler, of Plymouth, Pa., had a fine vacation. He attended the Philadelphia Levee, and staid in Philadelphia till after New Year's Day. He is engaged in the Livery business in Plymouth.

Michael D. Barnick, a deaf-mute, of York, Pa., was skating on the Susquehanna River last week. He was the best skater among all the people there, and a great crowd of people flocked around him to see his exhibition of fancy skating.

There was a small gathering in Newark, N. J., on the 7th. Among those present were Messrs. Daniel and John Ward, O'Brien, Donohue and J. F. and D. Donnelly, and Miss Williams, Miss A. Seaver, Mrs. D. Ward and Miss Nettie.

T. H. Coleman, National Deaf-Mute College, Class of '82, is at Mandarin, Fla., looking after the interests of the mutes of that State. Having induced the Governor to present the subject of their instruction to the Legislature, he hopes soon to obtain favorable action by that body.

Ed. P. Binkley, of East Germantown, Wayne Co., Ind., of Class '81, of the Indiana Institution, spent a few days of last week, visiting his old classmate Malin Collins and Annie Thomas, of Tipton. He reports having enjoyed himself immensely while there.

The "Twilighters" and their lady friends will hold a meeting at the Weinberger mansion in Harlem, on next Saturday evening, the 13th inst. As considerable business of importance will be transacted, all members are requested to attend.

Mr. Roland M. Barker, who is for the present employed in the lithographing department in Philadelphia, was called home to Johnson, Pa., to attend the funeral of a little brother last Tuesday. In this, his cheerless hour of bereavement, he has the sympathy of his numerous friends. He departed Saturday night for Philadelphia on the Fast Line, to resume his work.

On December 23d, N. J. Ellis took a trip to Briar Creek, Pa., to spend the holidays with friends, who entertained him well. On Christmas he, accompanied by friends, went out in the country to enjoy a good dinner on a farm, where there is plenty to eat. On New Year's morning he returned home all right. He says Miss Julia Hockmatt felt bad since her lamented sister is gone, but she tries to be cheerful, consoling herself that she has gone to a better world.

Frank Widaman, of Irwin Station, Pa., arrived at the end of his journey from Philadelphia after a long but very pleasant ride of thirteen hours last Tuesday. Tired and sleepy, this finds him safe and well at home. He spent the Christmas holidays in guests of his old chum Edward Wilson, visited his beloved Alma Mater and participated in the grand Levee of the Clerical Association. He says he thinks the Committee on Arrangements deserves great credit for the successful manner in which the hours were passed without being noticed. He further says he enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.

"We think that many of the readers of the *JOURNAL* will be sorry to hear of the death of the beloved mother of Mr. John B. Lewis, of Philadelphia, Pa. This lady died on Christmas morning, at half past twelve o'clock. She leaves a husband and one son, John, to mourn her loss. We understand that she was always kind to her deaf-mute son, John, and we presume that he will feel very badly on account of her death. We offer our sincere sympathy to him in his bereavement, and trust that he may take comfort in the thought that his dear mother has gone to Heaven.—*Cor*.

Mr. Sol. Cornelius, the Second Vice-President of the Manhattan Literary Association, and who until recently was chairman of its Committee on lectures and debate, has resigned, his nominal reason being his want of rest, his real one is suspected to be, as with others who withdrew before him, his utter disgust with the dictatorial propensities of certain members. In the retire ment of the gentleman, the association loses one of its best and most active members, he having no hypocrisy or cant about him. Personally he was liked by all, and the sooner the cause which compels the wholesale resignations which have of late taken place is eradicated the better for the Association. That new constitution, which is one of the rocks upon which the association is being wrecked, should be done away with, as it is comparatively worthless, and seems to have been framed for personal ends and not for the welfare of the whole association.—*Cor*.

Some one wanted to know if the mutes of Albany, N. Y., were going to organize a society this winter, through the *JOURNAL*. O yes; a society commenced to meet at the house of one of the young mute ladies, three days ago before Christmas, but a *JOURNAL* reporter of Albany has not made any arrangement to continue it, and now can't do so until spring. The reporter formed the society and called it "Temperance." It meets every month.

## Sawing a Piece of Iron.

A tree-trimmer went up a tree in Harborsburg recently, but left his saw on the pavement. A deaf and dumb boy came along, and seeing the saw thought he would use it to cut a piece of iron in two. The man up the tree shouted: "Drop that saw! Go away from there!" Of course the boy couldn't hear, so he kept on sawing. Then the man shouted at the top of his voice, threatening the mute, but to the amazement of the bystanders the lad paid no attention to the threats. Finally the man came down the tree, muttering: "Well, I never saw such a disobedient boy in all my life! As soon as the mute saw the owner of the tool approaching, he took his heels down the street, while the spectators roared with laughter.—*Golden Days*.

O. Coe Roberts is now in his father's printing and binding establishment publishing the *Sunday Star-Journal*.

George Brennan, of Carbonate, Pa., lately attended a ball in Binghamton, N. Y. Miss Annie O'Brien accompanied him.

John Taylor is now living at 83 Oxford St., Lawrence, Mass. He has totally deaf ears but speaks well and is a skillful dresser.

Miss Nellie Hawley has returned from her home in Amherst, Mass., and is again working in the paper-box factory in Springfield, Mass.

Colby J. Daughdrill, known to many of his friends at the National Deaf-Mute College, is now working in the *Times* office, in Gaduate, Ala.

Rev. Dr. Gallandet has recently favored the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes with two interesting lectures—one in the evening of December 10th, and the other January 6th.

A successful deaf-mute farmer lives in Shaynesville, Neb. He is the only deaf-mute living there, and he enjoys the distinction of raising the big hog hogs in the country. One of his obese porkers, which lay on exhibition, weighed 565 pounds.

Mr. Jacob Kleinhaus, formerly a pupil at the Clarke Institute, Northampton, Mass., and Mr. Lars M. Larson, recognized each other at the Chicago Levee, not having met since 1875. Mr. K. is working in a printing office in Chicago, and is doing very well.

Robert W. Branch, the popular register of Davidson County, Tennessee, in which the Capital of Tennessee is located, is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, was married to a deaf-mute lady residing a few miles from Nashville, Tenn., some three weeks ago.

N. J. Ellis and W. W. Swartz attended an entertainment given by the High School of Catawissa, Pa., on the 20th of December. They were especially pleased by "Aunt Peabody," and the "Mock Oration." The gymnastic exhibition was good. Mr. Swartz is now with his brother in Northumberland, but will be home this week.

The deaf-mutes of Belfast, Maine, had a jolly time at the residence of C. Aug. Brown, on the evening of New Year's Day. In a game where the person is blindfolded, Simon Jellison was a washroom of plauds called out by Fred. H. Stoner. The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brown was a four-dollar rocking-chair in the same game.

A grand reception was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lars M. Larson, on the evening of December 30th, at the residence of Miss Grace H. Emery, Chicago, Ill., who interpreted at their nuptial ceremony. Fifty of her own intimate friends were invited. Many of them were from educational and literary circles, and a dozen mutes from the Garden City.

On Saturday, the 6th inst., during his very short sojourn in Baltimore, on his return from Frederick City, Md., Rev. Job Turner was met by important business to the office of his warm deaf-mute friend, Mr. Jos. H. Linton, of No. 186 North Street, that city, and found him very pleasant in his manners. Mr. Linton said he would always be glad to hear from his friends, if he addressed him at No. 169 North Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Miss Chapman, Jr., and Miss Dyer, of Auburn, N. Y., were married on Monday evening, January 1st, by the Rev. J. W. Smith, of the Catholic Church. After the ceremony, they were taken to their new residence, where there was a large gathering of friends. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Nye Brown, Miss Mary Temple, and Messrs. C. S. Doss, E. J. Halley and Adam Milner, all of Syracuse, N. Y. There were several presents. The bride is a graduate of the New York Institution, and the groom of the Rome School.

On Wednesday night, the 4th inst., Rev. Job Turner, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ingle, had service in All Saints Church, Frederick City, Md., where were present the most advanced pupils of the Deaf and Dumb School located at that place, and a small speaking audience, owing to the weather. On Thursday he spent the day at the school, where every thing was found to be going on as smoothly as ever. Supt. Ely has made some improvements on the mode of teaching the deaf-mute, which will, no doubt, work well to his satisfaction. On Sunday night, the 7th inst., Mr. Turner officiated in the Church of the Ascension, Washington City, S. C., which was well attended considering the weather. The Rev. Mr. Leonard, rector of St. John's Church, which President Arthur attends, so kindly offered to assist him in the service as the rector and assistant rector were both off their legs. There were about fifteen deaf-mutes present.

Two nights before Christmas, as Mr. E. W. Frisbee was returning from Boston, where he had been to deposit cards in the post-office, inviting mutes in the vicinity to attend the Christmas tree and sociable, and when near the corner of Devonshire and State Streets, he was met by a gentlemanly-looking man who, without any cause or warning, suddenly grasped Mr. Frisbee by the breast, and at the same time struck him a blow on the side of the head which caused it to ache badly and broke his hat rim. The man was promptly arrested. The police requested Mr. F. to accompany them to the station house, where he was questioned and requested to appear the next morning at nine o'clock as a witness, which he did. The Court looked at what he had written, which was an account of the occurrence, and without hearing further evidence, fined the assailant \$10 and costs. The assaulting party came to Mr. F. and offered as an apology that he had been indulging too freely in strong drink. He subsequently bought a new hat for him. A shake of hands, and they parted.

MORAL.—Boys, do not drink; but if you must, let it be Adam's ale.

## A Deaf-Mute Anniversary.

(Sunday Call.)

The fifteenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Housell was quietly celebrated on Christmas night at their home, not only quietly but in almost perfect silence, for all but two of the thirty-two persons present were deaf-mutes. Nine gentlemen and ladies came from Orange and three from New York, the rest of the party residing in the city. Of Mr. and Mrs. Housell's three children two are deaf and dumb, like the parents, and one, a bright little girl, has both hearing and speech. The latter has, however, learned the sign language, and is of great help to her parents in their communication with friends who can not talk with their fingers. The other two children, who are also girls, attend a school for mutes in New York. The guests presented to the bride and groom a large number of useful presents, and one made to them a formal address of congratulation. Games were played, a collation was given due attention, and not until morning did the party break up. It was apparent from the happy manner of the company that it is possible for thirty persons to enjoy themselves without making a hubbub.

# BOSTON.

## The Grand Levee.

## A SUCCESSFUL ONE.

## Prominent Mutes in Attendance.

The crowd of mutes from all parts of New England began to pour into the large hall at seven o'clock, until a little over two hundred were present. While several familiar faces were missed from the gay throng of pleasure-seekers, many new faces were also noticed.

Instead of long exercises on the platform, which deprived the audience of individual games or conversation, as was the case last year, the freedom of the guests was given full swing. In this respect, the present Levee was an improvement upon that of last year. Every one who attended expressed the opinion that it was the best affair they ever attended, and the most enjoyable for years. They all asked for the same kind of Levee next year, which they promised to attend. Mr. Holmes promised to try and make it even more enjoyable next year, under altogether different circumstances. No word of complaint was heard except in regard to the banquet, but that will be attended to at the next Levee. The time before the banquet was spent rather quietly in renewing acquaintances and talking over old times.

After the banquet, the maskers came in, furnishing food for merriment to all. The prize for the most beautiful costume was awarded to Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Nashua, N. H.; the prize for the funniest, to Alvah Orcutt, and that for the handsomest, to Mr. McWilliams, of Cambridge. Messrs. Frisbee, Hargrave and Greer, were judges.

The prize for the best rendering of the Twenty-third Psalm, was awarded to Mrs. Wm. Lynde, after a sharp competition. The judges were Wm. Lynde, Samuel Hamilton and John O. David.

The prizes of the Dumb Band were won by Miss Carroll, of Boston, and Mr. Deering, of New Hampshire. Eddie Frisbee was present.

The prize for the best dancer was awarded by the same Committee on Costumes to Mrs. Magee, of South Boston.

The prizes were very handsome, and excited a good deal of admiration.

In the game of the chairs, a great deal of interest was centered. Mr. fra H. Derby acted as prompter, and to the astonishment of every one the game was won by a little girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wise, of Cambridgeport, at present a pupil in the Beverly School for Deaf-Mutes. The prize of one dollar was given to her, and a subscription was passed around which brought in three dollars more for the eight-year-old one. The modest, pretty way in which she said to the audience on her fingers, "I thank you," won a hearty burst of applause.

A sack race next took place, which was a source of amusement to the lookers-on. It was won by a son of Mr. Evans, of East Boston.

The various games of Copenhagen, Drop the Handkerchief, etc., were played with zest until the wee sma' hours of the morning.

The most enjoyable feature of the Levee was a wild, fantastic dance by five fantastically dressed persons, Messrs. Magee, Young, Carter, Glover and Miss Lynch. They were dressed after the fashion of the Feejee Islanders, with blackened faces and feathers sticking out of their woolly hair. The clog dance, performed by Mr. Young and Miss Lynch, provoked a great deal of admiration. The get-up of the five was grotesque in the extreme, and the various antics which they played upon the platform were laughable, surpassing in drollery the pantomime acting of a Fox or a Mafli. They carried a violin, a tocsin, and other instruments of music. The wild dance, which they executed hand in hand, would have done credit to the Sioux or Comanches in their war-dance. The close of the performance was greeted with loud applause, which must no doubt have startled the reporters who had peeped in.

The diplomas or certificates of skill won by exhibitors at the late Fair, were awarded as follows: To Alden F. Osgood, for the best specimen of wood carving; to Eddie Frisbee, for the best model of a yacht; A. E. Hargrave, for the best easy chair; W. F. Leopold, for the best wall-bracket; Leo Grei, of New York, for the best specimen of wood-engraving; Miss Whippin, of Marblehead, for the best needle-case; Mrs. J. O. David, for the best mats and table-covers; Miss Abbie L. Chaffin (now Mrs. Holmes), for the best silk quilt; Erwin E. Aldrich, for the best ears of corn; Almos Smith, for the best specimens of Baldwin apples; the New England Industrial School, for the largest head of cabbage; Joseph Biker, for the best charcoal drawing; C. A. Lurvey, for the best specimen of handwriting,

and many others whose names cannot be remembered.

Thus passed away one of the best Levees, as every one considered it, that ever was enjoyed in Boston.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

[From the Boston Globe, Jan. 2.]

The fourth annual levee and masquerade under the auspices of the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity was held yesterday in Horticultural Hall. It was participated in by deaf-mutes from all parts of New England, and being the only occasion of the kind in the year, was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. This entertainment has filled the place, which theatre, concerts and balls occupy in the recreation of those who enjoy the use of their five senses, and as a result those attending it do not find a season of twenty hours once in the year unduly long. The guests began to arrive at about 9 o'clock, and the last will not take his leave before 6 or 7 o'clock this morning. The programme included dancing, social games, a masquerade, a prize reading of the Twenty-third Psalm in the sign-language, and a banquet at Copeland's. All present seemed to enjoy the occasion exceedingly, and the common parlor games, Copenhagen, most often, for foils and the like, were entered into with great zest, and the opportunity for an unimpeded conversation was a novel and valued privilege. A visit at the levee at 1 o'clock this morning found nearly two hundred mutes in the hall, some playing "drop the handkerchief," others dancing, and the rest sitting on the sides of the room, conversing with each other. The dancing was exceedingly done, not altogether without the aid of music. When more than one couple was upon the floor at a time, it seemed to be a law unto itself, for music would be as useless and unappreciated as a Sanscrit lecture. Suddenly doors at opposite ends of the hall were opened and the maskers came in. They were greeted with laughter and clapping of hands; the latter sign of approval seeming to the reporter altogether superfluous, where the applausé could not be heard. The programme of the evening was in promenade, dancing, and the antics of the clowns in the masquerade, the maskers were drawn up on the front of the platform, and the prizes of the evening were distributed. The entertainment was presented by Mr. George A. Holmes, the manager of the entertainment. The presentation speeches seemed to be repeated with wit, and elicited great applause from the audience. There was a very pathetic pantomime to music, and a most beautiful and touching scene, the audience contrasting strangely with the evidence of their and the forest of the forest. A pair of cuff-buttons was awarded to Mr. Alvah Orcutt, of Boston, for the costume of a harlequin; the second, a pair of gold bracelets, to Miss Lizzie Cole, of Concord, N. H., for the costume of Columbia; and the third, a gent's scarf pin, to Mr. George McWilliams, of Cambridgeport, Mass., for the costume of a soldier. The prize for the best dancer was awarded to Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Nashua, N. H. A beautiful photograph album, bound in red plush, with a silver plate in the middle of the cover, for the best dancer, won by Mrs. Ellen D. Magee, of South Boston, Mass. One dollar (the prize) for the game with chairs won by Miss Lottie Wise, of Cambridgeport, Mass. Fifty dollars and ninety-five cents, a gift to Lottie Wise from her friends.

(Boston Globe, January 2.)

Last night, after the performance in Horticultural Hall, Hermann stepped into the corridor, where there were a number of deaf-mutes, who were attending the event. The man was interested in their manner of conversing, and stepped towards a group, introducing himself by extracting a \$20 piece from the hat-band of one of the party. He was then introduced to the conversation







## FANWOOD.

### JANUARY JOTS.

#### Prof. Jones in Luck.

#### PERSONAL, VISITORS, AND RANDOM SHOTS.

(From the New York Correspondent.)

The following verses originally appeared in the New York *Sun*, of a recent date. We have slightly altered the wording, and think they are entirely appropriate in this connection:

##### THE "JOURNAL."

Serene and pure and clear and strong,  
The friend of right and foe of wrong,  
The deaf-mute's steady advocate  
And earning well the slanderer's hate,  
While other papers rise and fall  
It lives for all.

No matter what your faith or creed,  
The Journal nicely fits your need,  
An I plainly speak of our faults  
To the old man and the youth,  
While deaf-mute suffers bray or brawl  
It speaks for all.

Though man may change in place and power,  
The Journal remains the same each hour.  
Whatever be the party's name  
It gives to each its praise or blame,  
And answers still the deaf-mute's call:  
"Justice to all."

Miss Hawkins, the new semi-mute young lady pupil, has been placed in the High Class.

The residences of Profs. Jones, Currier, Lloyd and Jenkins, were invaded by a bevy of ladies from the Institution one evening last week. Object—calls.

Theodore Lonsbury, who packed up and left school about a month ago to try and earn his salt in a city printing office, is again in the fold. He says he "resigned." We say he was "bonned," for it would be a miracle if by chance he should set a three-line reprint paragraph without making twenty-five blunders.

Harry Babbitt, of Boston, Mass., accompanied by Miss Georgie Loomis, of this city, visited the printing department Wednesday afternoon last, and saw the large steam Hoe press running.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Boat Club, held in the High Class office on the evening of January 4th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, the following young men were chosen: Captain, Dennis Sullivan; 1st Mate, Anthony Capelli; 2d Mate, Charles W. Stowell; Secretary, G. S. Porter; Treasurer, Henry Schanek; Sponge boy, John Wanzel.

Nearly all of the boys turned up after the holidays with a I-have-had-a-bad-time expression in the off eye; the girls with a do-you-see-my-new-shoes beam in the niggone.

James H. Caton, the blind mute, says he would have visited his friend, S. John Winne, of Kingston, N. Y., on New Year's Day, had it not been so cold. As it was, he went to Blue Point to pay his respects to Miss Elzora Rose.

John Wanzel received a new hat and \$1 in cash as a Christmas gift. John bought a revolver and a box of cartridges with the money, but the revolver was stolen from him. He arrived at school Wednesday last in a not-very-cheerful frame of mind.

W. L. Eastman, of Attica, N. Y., was the guest of the Institution all of Tuesday last. He had a happy time.

Mrs. Juliette Dillingham became so seriously ill with pneumonia last week, her immediate friends were sent for. We are happy to announce that the crisis is passed, and she is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Sonbomberg, of New York City, braved the snow storm Friday last to make a visit to the printing office.

Misses Butler and Mitchell, of the Tarrytown Branch, infused new life into the Institution by popping in on us suddenly Friday last. Their stay, however, like angels' visits, were very brief.

The girls were not so prompt in putting in appearance after the holidays this term as on former years. Thirty-eight were absent at roll call Saturday morning last.

Thursday last, Prof. Jones received an invitation to appear at the residence of Mr. James O. Sheldon, a gentleman connected with the Board of Directors, to give humorous illustrations of the sign-language before a company of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen. Walter Peet, son of the Principal, acted as interpreter. The exhibition lasted about half an hour, at the conclusion of which Prof. Jones was warmly applauded, and received from Mr. Sheldon, in token of his pleasure, \$25 in cash. A rather good half hour's work. About a year ago, Prof. Jones labored about two weeks preparing his Garfield Lecture, to deliver before the Manhattan Literary Association, which drew an immense crowd, and in return for his exertions received the magnificent sum of \$3. A slight difference.

Elmer E. Smith related the thrilling history of the "Biblicious Boy" before the Peet Literary Society Friday evening last.

Mr. Shottwell went shopping on the Bowery a couple of weeks ago. After purchasing some needed articles, he started for home with \$4 in his pocket-book. He arrived home safely, but the pocketbook didn't. Tablenn.

Messrs. Perkins and Noble returned to school last week. They brought with them skins of three fine gray squirrels, which "their unerring rifles had caused to bite the dust."

Sunday is the only day on which Thomas Halloran can conveniently visit the Institution. He was on hand Sunday last.

The fall of snow Friday night furnished amusement for the boys until Tuesday.

Wm. Ennis was on the sick list the fore part of the week.

CHIEF.

#### An Interesting Ceremony.

(Orange Journal.)

On Wednesday evening last, Miss Harriet Williams, youngest daughter of Ira Williams, of North Park Street, was united in marriage to Mr. John W. Ackley, of Shotville, Columbia County, New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, assisted by Mr. John Bennett, also of this city.

With a letter of introduction in his pocket, a representative reporter of the *Journal*, shortly after half-past seven o'clock on that evening, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, a small, unpainted house on the east side of North Park Street near Washington, where, after some minutes spent in endeavoring to attract the attention of the inmates to the door, which was finally accomplished by a violent shaking, he was admitted to a cheerful room occupying the front of the first door. No one was present but Mr. Williams and his eldest daughter, Elizabeth—both deaf-mutes—but the chairs around the room indicated that company was expected. The walls were profusely decorated with pictures, the floor was covered with a warm-looking rug-carpet, and a general air of neatness and comfort pervaded the room. An inquiring look from Miss Williams was answered by the production of the note, and the bearer was kindly motioned to a chair. In a few moments the door opened, and a number of persons entered, and rapid and emphatic gestures showed the "uneducated" reporter that greetings were being exchanged. "Could it be that in all this room full of pleasant-looking ladies and gentlemen and pretty young girls, there was none whom God had not afflicted?" was the mental inquiry of the reporter. "Afflicted?" Can this term be applied to persons with such happy, smiling faces, who communicated with each other with such rapidity and ease? There were soon found to be three "hearing and speaking" persons in the room, two of whom had been educated in the deaf and dumb language, and with their aid, the uneducated could ask and answer questions.

The clergyman arrived soon after eight o'clock, and after he had been introduced to the company, the bride and groom made their appearance. Prayer was offered by Dr. Storrs, and a solo by Mr. Bennett, a deaf-mute, in the sign-language. The service was pronounced by Dr. Storrs and Mr. Bennett, who had previously committed it to memory, repeated it simultaneously with Dr. Storrs in sign language. The couple gave marked attention to the service as rendered by Mr. Bennett, and each question was answered by them with an affirmative inclination of the head, and their manner showed, even more than words could express, that they were heartily in earnest. After the couple had been pronounced man and wife and a short prayer had been offered, earnest and hearty congratulations were extended in eager and rapid gestures.

The bride wore a drab-colored silk, trimmed with satin of a darker shade, and a beautiful lace fichu round her neck was fastened at the throat with a small bouquet of roses. The groom was dressed in a neat black suit, and both wore white kid gloves.

They remained in this city until morning, when they left for Brooklyn to visit a sister of the groom. On Monday, they expect to go to Shotville, where the groom is employed in a woolen mill, and is owner of some real estate, and where the happy couple will make their home.

The circumstances leading to the union as related by the couple were as follows: On July 23d last, Mr. Ackley went on a deaf-mute excursion, and on that day became acquainted with a Mrs. Ward, also a deaf-mute. Mr. Ackley intimated to her that he was on the look-out for a wife, and she recommended Miss Williams, with whom she was acquainted, to him. On her recommendation, Mr. Ackley came to Orange, introduced himself and made his errand known to the lady. Judging from results, his visit was not fruitless. Suffice it to say, after spending a short time here, he returned to his home, made the necessary preparations, corresponding with Miss Williams in the meantime, and has now, within six months, claimed her as his bride.

Ira Williams, familiarly known in this vicinity as "Dumb Ira," the father of the bride, is well-known about the Oranges. He was born on North Park Street near Doid, in 1808, and was one of eight children, three of whom were deaf-mutes, and is now seventy-four years of age. He married at the age of twenty-four, and started house-keeping in the house where he now lives. His wife, also a deaf-mute, was born in this city, her maiden name being Mary

Harrison. She first married a man named Burnett, a man possessed of both the faculties which she lacked, and after his death, she married "Dumb Ira," the Rev. Dr. Hillyer, an early pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, performing the ceremony. Both Ira and his wife were uneducated. Five children were born unto them, three girls and two boys. Three of those, and they with their mother, who died September 27th, 1877, were laid to rest in Rosedale Cemetery. The two daughters now living were both educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Among the company were Mr. John Bennett, wife and daughter, all three being deaf-mutes, and a son and daughter, William G. Bennett and Mary L. Bennett, both of whom can hear and speak, and were also educated in the sign-language, the former being a supervisor at the New York Institution. From Newark, there were present Messrs. Wm. P. Pierson, George W. H. VanNess, and Alfred Bonfield; Mrs. Housell and two young daughters, Miss Conkling and William Donnelly, of New York City; and Mrs. Bowdish, of Northfield, N. J. All of these have been educated in the sign-language. Some of the company had been afflicted from birth, and were born of deaf-mutes; others had been left without the power of speech and hearing, by scarlet fever, etc. The two daughters of Mr. Housell had been born possessing both the power of speech and hearing, but inheriting their mother's weakness, a severe illness rendering them both deaf and dumb.

The above facts were obtained from the party through the kind aid of Mr. and Miss Bennett.

#### Exhibition by Pupils of the Minnesota Institution.

The following is copied from the *Minneapolis Daily Tribune*, of December 30th, and refers to an exhibition given before the Minnesota Teachers' Association, then in session at St. Paul, Minn.

"Prof. J. L. Noyes, Superintendent of the Minnesota Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, explained and illustrated his methods by means of a class of pupils brought with him. Sixty-seven years ago a movement was instituted in Hartford for the instruction of deaf-mute, with seven pupils in attendance. To-day there are 55 such state institutions, besides several others of a similar character, and there is one college where deaf-mutes can receive a thorough collegiate education."

"The system pursued is of French origin, but has become thoroughly Americanized. Excellent methods have also been received from Germany and incorporated in the system. Two children were then introduced who had been in school only three months. Their minds last September was a blank. We get at these locked up minds through the eye. A nail and a screw were produced before the children, who did not know their names nor the use of the latter. They knew the use of the nail and expressed the hammering motion by their hands. The teacher then spelled the word nail in the manual alphabet and had the children spell after him until they knew and could write the word on the board."

"The little girl was then asked to hop, and both were asked to write on the board what was done."

"One wrote 'I hopped,' the other 'Maria Peters hopped.' Every time they wrote complete sentences, which is more than some children with all their senses do. Next the children wrote 'a cow,' getting the idea from the motions and signs of the instructor."

"Two girls were next called who had been under training one year. The words glad and often were then written and they were required to write sentences illustrating their use. One said, 'I was glad for a Christmas,' the other, 'But girls are often glad to neglect their lessons.' The thing necessary is to practice in language until these children have a reliable medium of communication with the world."

"Free hand drawing is very successfully connected with writing; illustrations of this fact were given on the board. The things to be drilled on most is the subject and predicate. One says of an ignorant man, 'He is a very don't know.' Another affirms, 'He fell and struck the back of a headache on the ice.' One boy wrote in his lesson: 'In California the Chinamen wash the people's clothes dirty.' He was told to say 'dirty clothes.' Next day he said, 'I fell down and got my dirty clothes.' He thought the latter must be right. It is practice, not rules, that corrects these difficulties and tells the story for at least mute children."

"The older girls were then called up. The manual alphabet is the means of communication between professors and students in college. The sign language is now reduced to a science. The young ladies were then required to write the names of the principal cities of Minnesota, then to write something of each Minneapolis and St. Paul. It was then shown how the idea of the words, *illustrious, distinguished and famous* is presented to the pupils through the medium of the sign language."

"The chief object of this exhibition was to bring before the people of the state the necessity of getting the rest of the deaf and dumb children into the State institution at Fairbault. Only about 125 of them are now in this school, and there are over 200 more who ought to be there. This

school has an industrial department. Every boy and girl who finishes the course will have knowledge of a trade by which to earn his living. The speaker then urged the teachers to inquire about deaf and dumb children and induce people to send them to the State institution. The school is free; the only charge is for traveling expenses, clothing and incidentals. Two very nice and intelligent compositions were written by the young ladies upon the blackboards in the form of letters. This is one of them; the other was erased before it could be copied:

"We are greatly pleased to meet so many teachers to-day from different parts of our native state. We will try and do our best to please you, and hope you will carry home with you a clear knowledge of what we boys and girls at Fairbault are doing. It is a terrible thing for a deaf and dumb child to grow up without an education, and he would be unhappy if he knew what a miserable condition he is in. In Minnesota there are over 200 deaf children whose parents have not sent them to school. Some are kept at home because their parents fear to trust them in the care of strangers. A great many are kept at home because their parents are too proud to have them become objects of charity. If they could only understand that this is not a charity but a public school, a great many more deaf and dumb children would be sent to school than now. We want to become as well educated as their own brothers and sisters who can hear and speak."

"They then recited in the sign language three stanzas from a poem of Barry Cornwall. The whole exhibition was one full of interest and suggestion to all, especially as regards language teaching. A resolution of thanks to Prof. Noyes and the class was unanimously adopted."

It may be remarked here that the exhibit of the deaf and dumb institution was one of the best. There was various kinds of useful work shown, including excellent workmanship in the making of clothing, boots and shoes."

#### Christmas among the Deaf-Mutes.

HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES IN SILENT HALLS—  
"CINDERELLA"—PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS—A STEREOPTICON EXHIBITION—THE MACKAY INSTITUTE.

(Montreal Witness, December 30.)

The pupils at the Mackay Institution for Deaf-Mutes were not forgotten by their friends during the festive week, and have enjoyed themselves in a very pleasant and profitable manner. On Friday evening, December 22d, they had their tableaux, which consisted of "Cinderella" being played, which greatly amused and interested the children. On Saturday evening, December 23d, they had their Christmas tree, which was beautifully illuminated and well loaded with miscellaneous presents, contributed by Messrs. Edward Mackay and F. Wolferstan Thomas, Mr. Redpath, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss McDonald, Misses Learmont and others. Mr. Edward Mackay addressed the pupils, the lady Superintendent interpreting in the sign-language. He wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hoped they appreciated all that was being done for their happiness. Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas followed, and informed them of the pleasure it gave him to see their happy faces. He trusted they did not forget, amid their festivities one who had provided them with the beautiful building they occupied, and who had always been with them on such occasions. He also alluded to the absence of their friend, Miss H. Mackay Gordon, and said he knew they all missed her pleasant face, and sincerely hoped that when they next met around their Christmas tree she would be with them fully restored to health.

The presents were then distributed, and a very pleasant evening was spent by the little ones in wondering how Santa Claus knew just what they wanted. Letters were received from Mrs. John McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Cramp and others, regretting their inability to attend.

On Christmas Day, the pupils had divine service in the morning, conducted by the Principal, and a very substantial dinner was provided for them. They spent the afternoon on the skating rink, and sliding. In the evening, they had a very amusing pantomime, got up by Mr. John Macnoughton, a former pupil, and Mr. C. Wilson, engraving department of the *Witness*, which closed the enjoyments of the day.

On Thursday, December 27th, the pupils were treated by G. C. Prowse, Esq., to a stereopticon exhibition of many beautiful views of Westminster Abbey, Robinson Crusoe, comic scenes, and, to the surprise and delight of all, the portraits of Mr. J. S. Mackay, the late President and donor of the building, and Miss H. Mackay Gordon. A hearty vote of thanks was passed by the pupils to Mr. Prowse for his kindness, and the pleasure his exhibition gave them.

The New Year is expected to open with "Punch and Judy," something new to the pupils in the Institution, for which anticipated enjoyment they are indebted to their kind friend, Mr. F. W. Thomas.

#### REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Chicago,	January 7th.
Columbus,	" 14th.
Indianapolis,	" 21st.
Cleveland,	" 25th.
"	" 28th.
St. Louis,	February 4th.
Cleveland, (Ash Wednesday)	" 5th.
"	February 7th.

#### Mr. Spy's Paragraphs.

PHILADELPHIA—ITEMS OF INTEREST.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Better late than never. I wish you a happy New Year. This is the first time we have greeted you this year.

As far as our Levee is concerned, it was a decided success in every respect. There will be about \$65 over expenses.

We regret to hear that the Manhattan Literary Association was declared a financial failure. I congratulate the members of the Manhattan Literary Association upon the excellent management of the Levee in New York, in regard to the sociality and behavior. I think highly of it.

Aaron Witmeyer, J. T. E. and Tommy Breen, exhibited themselves as the trio of sleeping beauties in the passenger car while en route to Philadelphia from the New York Levee.

Mr. Roland Barker was summoned home by a telegram announcing the death of his little brother. He returned here last night. He looked very pale, and a little fatigued.

We jumped to the conclusion that Miss Weil, of Plymouth, Pa., was the belle of the Levee.

Miss Annie H. Elliott, of Washington, D. C., came to this city to surprise her friends with her presence, after six years' absence.

Mr. Fred Hewitt, formerly of "Fanwood," is a lucky boy. He got a good job as a haster in the shoe factory where "Mr. Spy" works. He can make \$15 a week.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has recently pronounced for "reform." Now is the best chance for the tramp law for mutes, which was denounced at the H. H. Convention, to be sent to the Legislature. I am anxious to have it altered at once, for I abominate the tramping business. If not so, will not Messrs. J. Koehler and Bobby Zeigler, of great fame of the said convention, have something to say in the matter.

Miss Sallie A. Graham looked very gay and lovely at the Levee. She wore a beautiful cluster of fresh-cut flowers on her breast. Her handsome nephew accompanied her.

The Catholic mutes are preparing to write a constitution and by-laws in regard to organizing a society ere long. Some wealthy hearing gentlemen take interest in the mute affairs. They promised that they would do the best to help them. Go ahead.

It is authentically stated that Tom Conroy is "gone" to lead Miss Mary Jane Tugman, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., to the Hymenal Altar, ere long. Let us sing for them.

"As sure as comes your wedding day,  
A broom to you I'll send;  
In sunshine or in rainy part,  
In storm or the other end."

Joe. E. Devlin, of Steelton, Pa., has been sojourning here for a week. He went home last week. He could not give the reason why Mr. Allen at the Levee did not come and greet "Mr. Spy" and attend the Levee.

"I. P. M. O. Canoe" has been in this city in a quest of work. He did not attend the Levee. He is a real fine gentleman of high culture and intelligence. Readings' loss will be Philadelphia's gain.

Frank Widaman, who gallantly traveled so far to oblige his friends by attending our Levee, parted with his admiring friends last Monday evening. Frank, please brace yourself up and pen the news to the *JOURNAL* about your recent visit.

Cul. Jas. E. Morony performed his duties very faithfully as door keeper of our hall. The committee treated him to a very fine (7) supper.

The grand march was splendid, and it was termed as "The Military and snake," and was led by the kind hearted Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Louis Blackenksee. He is a fine dancer, and did his level best to manage the ball successfully, for which he deserves the Cleric Literary Association's sincere thanks. So did his brother, Julius. They have a deaf brother. We hope that they will do the same thing at another levee next winter.

Mr. Joe Ferral, who donned a high hat at the ball, brushed it backwards in the new style (?)

Of course we favor the passage of the two-cent postage bill by Congress. The country demands two-cent postage. There are some people we write to, that we hate to waste a cent upon.

Mr. W. H. Harrison succumbed to sleep in the gallery, at the ball, while Mr. Spy remained awake for two nights and a day. It was an "awake as you please" match.

Little Rep got "comedietta sick," so did Wm. Lee, Emma Robinson and S. McKinney.

Ma. Srv.

Jan. 5, '83.

#### IOWA INSTITUTION.

DEAR EDITOR:—There has been a fall of snow to the depth of seven inches, and many boys enjoy themselves coasting every day.

Christmas has passed. It was a very nice and enjoyable event.

The chapel was embellished with evergreen festoons, and will continue so for a few weeks.

Last Saturday and New Year, there was more sleigh riding here than there has been for a long time past.

Some of our teachers and pupils went home to spend Christmas. About all have returned.

The pupils of the Academic Class presented a rocking chair with a table leaf to their teacher last Christmas. He said it was just what he wanted.

A play, entitled "The School Master," was produced in the chapel on New Year's evening.

#### Examination week—third week in January—is approaching.

Miss Ida Perry, of Oskaloosa, a teacher in the high school, is spending a few days with her brother, who is a pupil in the Academic Class.

Mr. John W. Barrett's father came here to see him last Saturday morning. He would like to have staid with us all night, but he was obliged to go home to be on hand at the opening of the court in Sheldon, on Monday.

Hon. B. F. Clayton and Louis Weinstein, two of the members of the Board of Trustees, are here in session. Hon. Stubenranch, the other member, could not attend, because his wife is sick.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Jan. 5, '83.

#### PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

A large number of visitors were presented during the holidays. Among them we noticed Messrs. Hodgson, Editor of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, Knoedler, of Northumberland County, Widaman, of Westmoreland, Swartz, of Columbia, Arnold and wife, Drosser, of Berks, and many others whom my memory has failed to recall.

Governor-elect Pattison of this State will occupy his position as chief executive of the State on the 16th of January. One of our teachers in this Institution is a strong friend of his, and when he was elected he was so glad that he bought a demijohn of cider and a lot of cakes, and gave his class a set out. The cider was quite old, but the gentleman in question is strongly temperance and we cannot impugn his motives.

Patrick McDonnell, President of the Boys' Association, spent his holidays at home in Lackawanna County. On New Year's night he was at a ball which lasted till 3:30 o'clock in the morning. He had but two hours to sleep, and returned the same day very sleepy. In the evening in the chapel, when Principal Foster lectured, he nearly fell asleep, and the next day in school he had another nap from which his teacher aroused him.

It is, I am beginning to think, a good thing that Christmas comes but once a year. Though we had school during the holidays, our lessons were made easier, and the evenings were to a considerable extent given up to enjoyment. An excellent dinner and a beautiful stereoscopic exhibition were the principal features of New Year's Day, and, taken as a whole, our Christmas season has been the merriest we ever have had for years, and one long to be remembered. The pupils who were permitted to spend it at home, have all returned, and the school and other duties have been resumed. The pleasant memories that cluster around the festive season are gradually vanishing, and we are once more amidst the sober realities of every day Institution life.

#### BRIEFS.

The pupils had an ice-cream party on Thursday, the 28th ult.

Scarcely any of the pupils from here attended the Levee held at Lincoln Hall in this city.

A set of finger-nail brushes has recently been furnished the Institution. Jan. 5, 1883.

#### North Carolina Institution.

Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer, Dec. 31st, 1882.

The report of the State institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind for the two years ending January 1st, 1883, is just from the hands of the printer. A hasty examination of it discloses the fact that the affairs of the institution have been managed with ability and economy. During the two years covered, 196 pupils have been present, 105 deaf and dumb and 91 blind. The number of admissions since date of last report, 31; the number of discharges 23.

In the department for the colored there have been during the two years 38 deaf and dumb pupils and 22 blind. This special department was the first institution of the kind established in the South, and is now the largest. The system of instruction which has been adopted is a wise one as evidence of which the successful operation of the shoe, broom and mattress shops in the mechanical department is adduced. But as the pupils on leaving these shops come in competition with new and improved modes of manufacture, rendering it almost impossible for them to make livings at the trades, we commend the suggestion of the principal, that if possible larger grounds should be given the institution in order that the principles of agriculture might be more thoroughly taught than is possible under existing circumstances, particularly in view of the fact that most of the pupils will live on farms after they leave school.

Another wise suggestion from the principal is to the effect that the deaf, dumb and the blind should be separated; that if they cannot be placed as they should be, under separate management, there ought to be separate buildings and grounds for each class. The experience of those having charge of similar institutions seems to bear him out in this.

The expenditures for the term have been well within the appropriation, and yet extraordinary improvements, much needed, have been made, costing \$6,500. Other improvements as pointed out are still needed, and it would be well for the State to consider their desirability and feasibility carefully. The officers and teachers of the institution have been faithful and

diligent, the general health of the pupils has been good, and it has very properly been held in view that the institution is an educational one, and that none therefore but those who can be taught should be allowed to remain.

On the whole, as we have said, the report is creditable to the management in every way—to the board of trustees and to the officers of the institution. They have evidently realized the importance of the trust committed to them and have been diligent in season and out of season. We do not suppose any institution has better officers and few can boast a corps of teachers equally zealous and faithful.

#### Church News

##### FOR THE DEAF AND THEIR FRIENDS.

Reliable information of Church Work and Educational and Social Progress among the Deaf everywhere.  
Official Notices of Religious Services, Lectures, Devotions, and Regular Meetings of Guide and Literary and Social Societies in the great cities.  
Secretaries will confer a favor by sending early notices and concise reports.  
Notices of Literary Services by all Missionaries of the Church in the United States.  
Outlines of Bible Lessons. Interesting and instructive General Reading.  
Short Communications Welcome.  
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